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*Flapdoodle; a  
political...*



# FLAPDOODLE

A  
POLITICAL  
ENCYCLOPÆDIA

AND

MANUAL

FOR

PUBLIC MEN

EDITED BY AN EX-MINISTER.

ILLUSTRATED BY BENGOUGH.

"It's my opinion, Peter, that the gentleman must have  
eaten no small quantity of *flapdoodle* in his lifetime."

"What's that, O'Brien? I never heard of it!"

"Why, Peter, it's the stuff they feed fools on!"

MARRYATT'S "PETER SIMPLE."

# RUSSELL HOUSE, OTTAWA.

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JAMES A. GOUIN, PROPRIETOR.

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This well known Hotel is now undergoing extensive alterations and improvements, which will render it second to none in the Dominion of Canada.

The whole of the old wing will be rebuilt; a new Office, Reading-room and Dining-room will be added; also, an Elevator, additional Bath-rooms, and every modern improvement for the convenience of Guests.

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**Toronto :**

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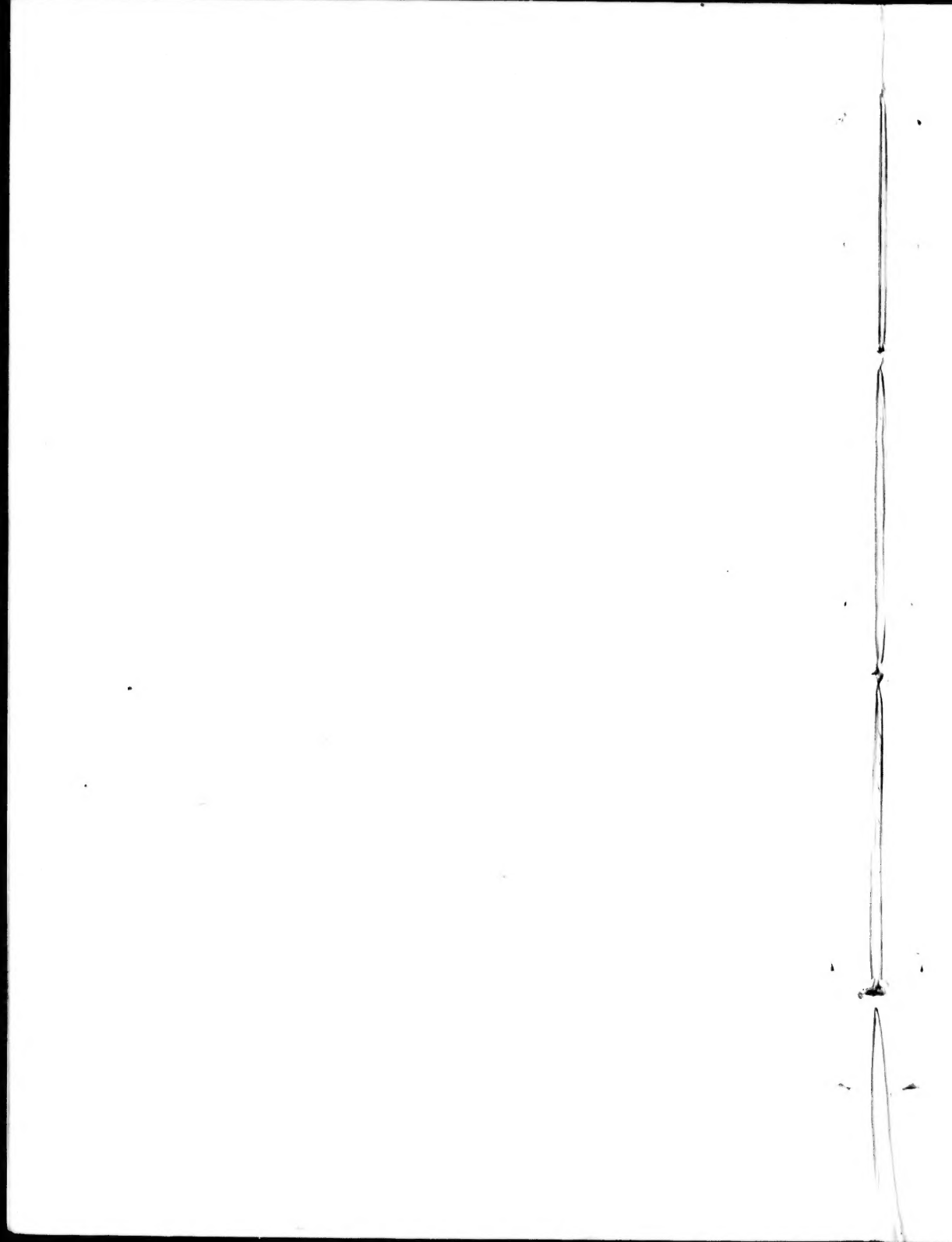
1881.



## L'Enboy.

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Ho, politicians ! whosoe'er ye be,  
Or Grit, or Tory, haste ! this volume buy.  
Within its pages you shall find enshrined  
The wisdom, concentrate, of many years ;  
The which if you do carefully peruse,  
And mark and learn, and inwardly digest,  
You shall enough of " Flapdoodle " absorb  
Each fool in your constituencies to feed.



The following are a few of the numerous testimonials received from prominent public men to whom the advance sheets of this little work have been submitted:

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"I could almost fancy I had written it myself."

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

---

"If I could have read this book in early life, I think I would have been in office now."

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

---

"The tone of this little volume is unimpeachable. No moral politician should be without a copy."

S. L. TILLEY.

---

"The author knows nearly as much about contracts as I do."

CHARLES TUPPER.

---

"The verses have the ring of true poetry."

J. B. PLUMB.

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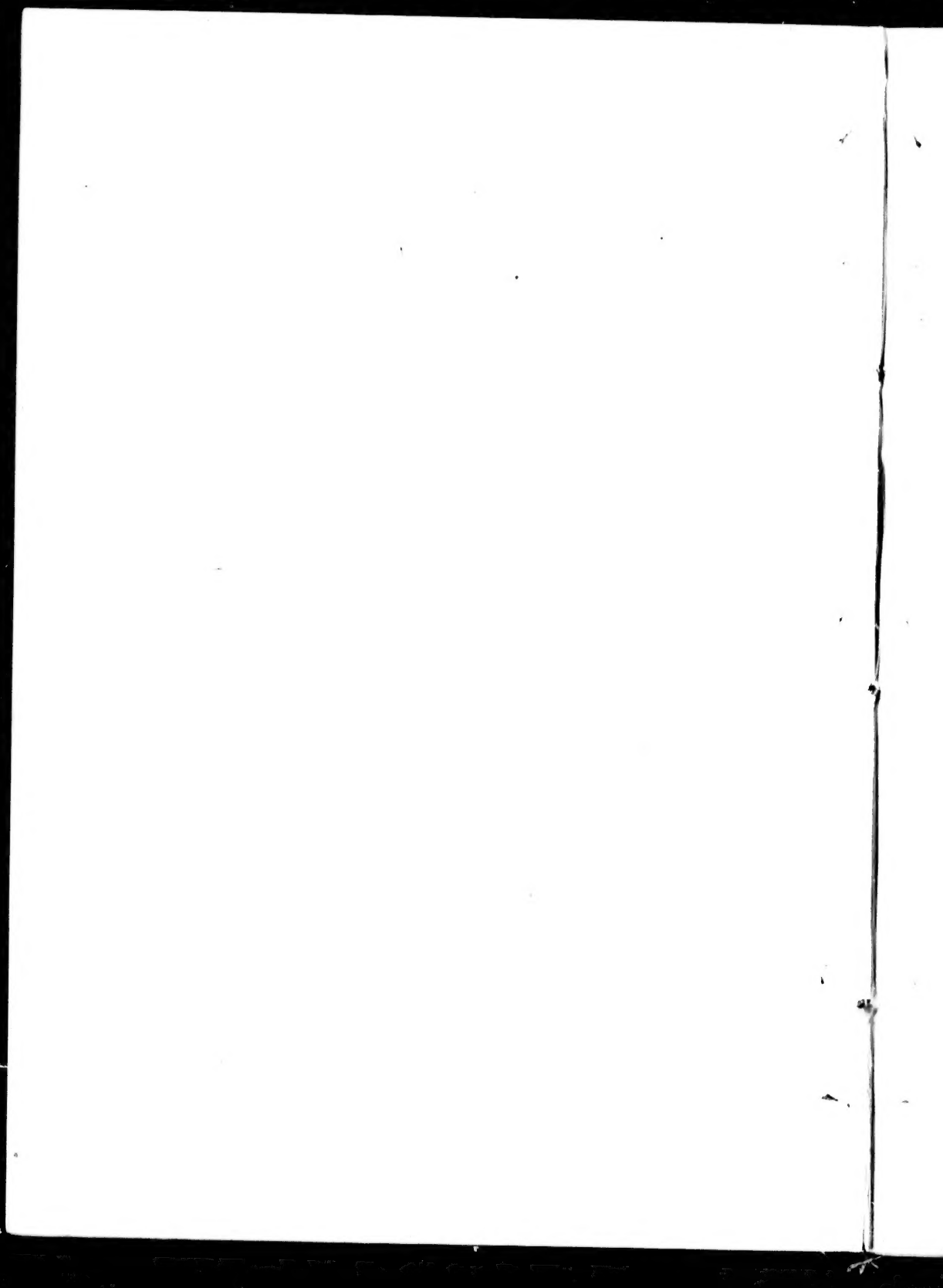
"I should like to know the author."

JAMES COTTON.

---

"I think the author would be a nice partner for my Papa."

CHAS. WHITEHEAD.





# FLAPDOODLE.

*"Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."*

**AMBIDEXTERITY.**—The power of using both hands—double-dealing.

This faculty is indispensable to success in political life. It is a modern adaptation of the divine maxim of letting not the right hand know what the left doeth. For example, you will hold up your right hand before the gaze of your fellow-men and vaunt its purity, while with the left you will be simultaneously engaged in selling a charter or ~~betting a~~ traitor; or with one hand you will elevate the standard of purity, and cry "Down with corruption" while with the other you pay a pilferer or publish a purloined document.

If taxed with the inconsistency of your professions and actions, you will of course reply that the public (*i. e.* party) interests are superior to all merely moral considerations.

In remoter times, certain gay and gallant outlaws made a practice of relieving the poor with the money of which they had robbed the rich, but when caught, they were hanged nevertheless. We are more enlightened nowadays.

**APPOINTMENTS.**—Political stock in trade, of which the supply is never equal to the demand. Political promissory notes with a large circulation, supposed to be payable on demand, but in point of fact irredeemable.

As a puffing tradesman will advertise for sale fifty thousand greatcoats or five hundred thousand blankets, although

his whole store, crammed from garret to basement, would not contain a tithe of the quantity, so a politician who understands his business will not hesitate to promise appointments to every one of his supporters who may demand them, without regard to the possibility of fulfilling his pledges.

Of course when your party is out of power you cannot be expected to do anything, and when you are in, the deuce is in it if you can't find some means of stopping the mouths of your friends. At any rate you will be *in*, and cannot well be turned out for a while, during which time you will have an opportunity of fulfilling the object for which you went into the public service—*verb. sap.*

"My son," said a Scotchman to his boy who was going into the world, "mak' money, honestly if you can, *but mak' money.*"

**ASSEVERATION.**—An art, or rather artifice, of immense value to a politician. A pertinacious asseverator is almost as important to his party as a ready debater.

The *modus operandi* is as follows: You make an accusation damaging to the reputation of a political opponent; your assertion is distinctly refuted. At the earliest opportunity you repeat it in a slightly modified form. By frequent repetition and judicious variation of the original statement, you are certain to gain a considerable amount of credence in many quarters.

This faculty, like most others, is vastly improved by use; by constant practice you may even come to believe in the truth of your own fabrications.

"Like one  
Who having unto truth, by telling oft,  
Made such a sinner of his memory  
To credit his own lies."

When fully developed, this accomplishment is of inestimable value to its possessor.

We cannot too strongly recommend our young friends to cultivate assiduously this important qualification. Besides being of great use to their party they will, supposing by any accident they are left out in the cold, always be an acquisition to the party press.

IMMORAL MAXIM.—Tell a lie and stick to it.

### BABBLE.

(Derived from the Hebrew word "Babel")—confusion—disorder. See DEBATE.

### BENCH.

A place of rest or retirement for weary or worn out politicians. N.B.—Legal knowledge *not* indispensable.

**CONTRACTS—Tendering for.**—As modernized, an ingenious method of getting the public works of the country constructed in the least efficient manner at the greatest possible cost.

The *mode* of tendering would at first sight appear to be sufficiently simple, but it has of late been so beautifully elaborated that it usually necessitates the services of half a dozen members of Parliament and Government officials to put through the smallest contract. It is therefore necessary, when "figuring for a contract," to allow a very liberal margin for these expensive contingencies.

Though it may with some show of reason be urged that this is an abuse of the object for which the system of public tendering was originally instituted, yet it must be borne in mind that it enables the Government to recompense many faithful and deserving supporters for whom it would otherwise be difficult to provide. It should also be remembered that, but for these modifications, several of our most distinguished public men would probably never have been in a pecuniary position to support with becoming dignity the high rank to which they have attained.

It may therefore be fairly urged that the advantages gained by the present improved system far exceed any little defects to which we have referred.

**COMMITTEE—(Parliamentary).**—A number of gentlemen selected from the whole body of sitting members to examine and report as to the truth of certain charges or statements.

As these Committees are usually demanded by the Opposition, and the party in power invariably has a majority of votes, the result may readily be conceived.

The report of the minority is frequently read, and serves as a striking exemplification of the adage, that "opinions differ."

The composition of some of these committees forcibly recalls the lines of Shakspeare :

"The jury passing on a prisoner's life,  
May in the sworn twelve have a rogue or two  
Guiltier than him they try."

**DEBATE.**—See **BABBLE.**

### **ELECTIONS.**

*What they ought to be.*—The election by the voice of the people of the most proper men to represent the country.—

*What they are.*—A vulgar struggle for the loaves and fishes.

### **GOVERNOR-GENERAL.**

Politically—a buffer to soften collisions between adverse factions ; a guard whose duty is to apply the brake whenever the national train is running at too high a speed.

### **GOVERNOR-LIEUTENANT.**

A very expensive and unnecessary adjunct to provincial government—seldom ornamental, and still more rarely useful.

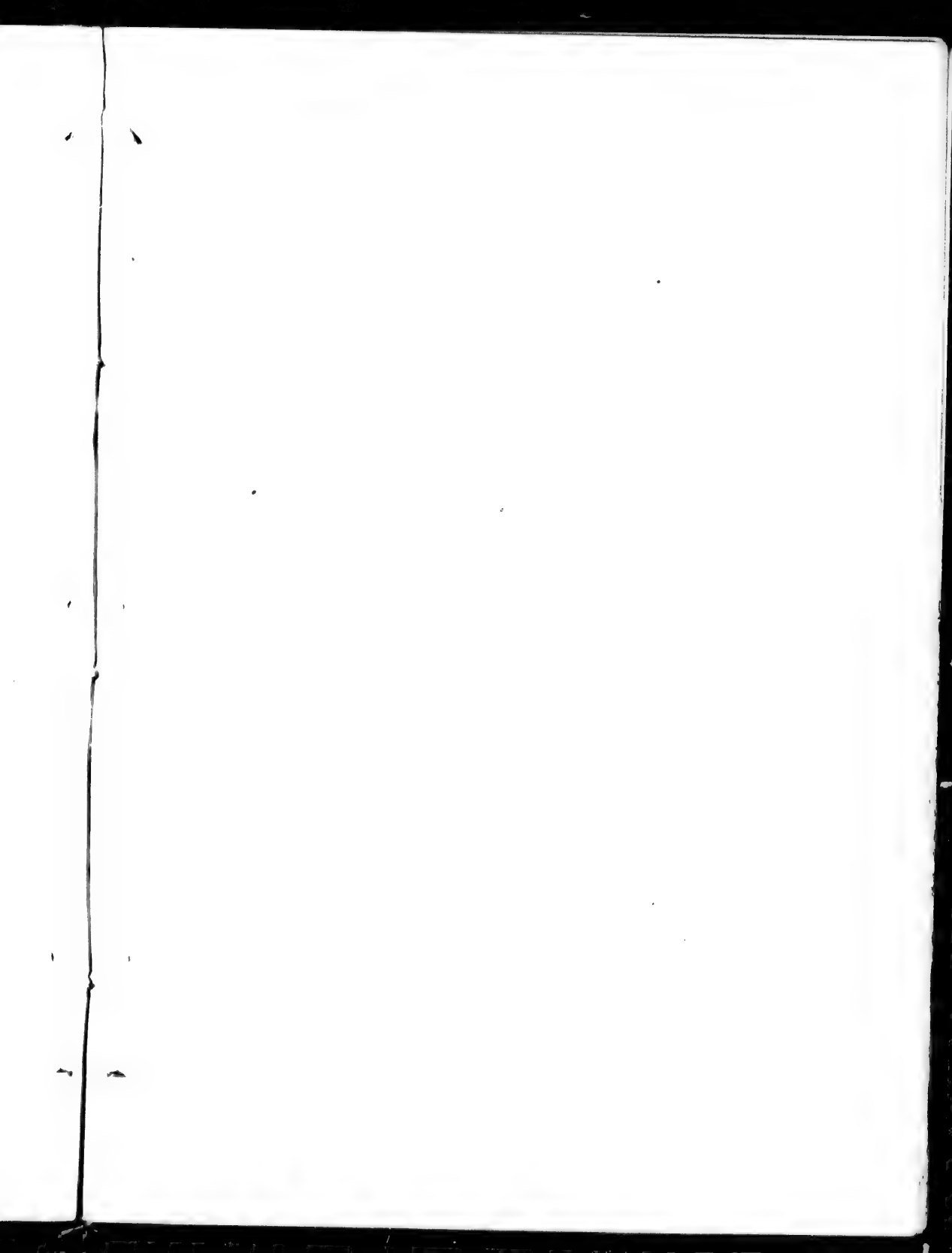
### **HUMBUG.**

This word comprehends most of the definitions contained in this volume, and many others too numerous to mention—it comprises, in fact, the whole essence of party government.

It is, however, never referred to by this designation.

### **LOBBYIST, OR WIREPULLER.**—(*Phylloxera Politicalis.*)

As the human frame in certain stages of disease is infested by vermin, so the body politic, when in an unhealthy



OFFICE—



POLITICAL PILGRIMS.

condition, is preyed upon by noxious parasites, known by the generic name of "lobbyists" or "wirepullers."

Like the potato bug and other kindred pests, these creatures, when allowed to multiply, are extremely difficult to get rid of. The only effective method is to squash them as fast as they put in an appearance.

Unlike the potato bug, they are not particular as to what they consume—as a rule they "prefer cash," for which preference they have high authority; but in the absence of this they have been known to put up with promissory notes, and even with articles of wearing apparel.

The increase in the number of these pests during the last few years would seem to indicate that the national health is hardly in a satisfactory condition.

**MORAL.**—First catch your lobbyist, and then put your foot on him.

**OFFICE.**—The Mecca of political pilgrims.

The motive which impels the devout Mussulman to undertake his long and painful pilgrimage, differs, however, in some important respects from that which actuates his Christian brother.

**OFFICIAL.**—(**Government**).—A person paid by the public to perform certain duties, more or less important, connected with the affairs of the country.

While it is incumbent on the Government to see that these persons are adequately—nay, liberally—remunerated for their services, it is equally the duty of the office-holder to perform his functions without fear or favor. In fact, government officials should, like Cæsar's wife, "be above suspicion."

We confess that these are old-fashioned notions, and that the more modern idea is that public officials have a perfect right to use their influence in any way that may tend to their

personal advantage; provided always that it does not operate against the interests of the party in power.

The public voice has not yet been made clearly manifest on this question, but we are bound to admit that a considerable number of gentlemen connected with the public service are strongly in favor of the "old fashions."

#### ORATOR.

It is very difficult to define precisely what constitutes an orator.

Eloquence, which is one of the chief essentials of oratory, has been said by some writers to be merely a "determination of words to the mouth." Accepting this as a sufficient definition, we can claim to have many orators in our legislative assemblies.

DEMOSTHENES was one of the most famous orators of antiquity, and there are many points of resemblance between this celebrated man and some of our modern public speakers. For example, we have it on the authority of *Lempriere* that "his education was totally neglected;" and it is further stated that "his rising talents were impeded by weak lungs and a difficulty of pronunciation." We cannot say that we have observed that many of our parliamentary orators are troubled by "weak lungs," but in the other peculiarities referred to we have frequently noticed a striking resemblance.

We also learn on the same authority that the ancient orator "shaved one half of his head." One of our most eloquent representatives from British Columbia has improved on the example of Demosthenes, by proposing to shave the heads of other people.

**PARTY.**—A word of such significance, that in the minds of some politicians it stands for country, friends, family, and sometimes even for self itself.

It exercises the same fatal fascination over the minds and morals of its votaries that liquor does over the senses of a



PARTY



A DISGUSTED DEVOTEE.

POLICY (National.)



A FILIAL LESSON.

confirmed drunkard. In its name, and under its sway, men will commit acts which, apart from its debasing influence, they would shrink from with abhorrence.

They worship it as the African negro worships his *fetish*, and with much the same amount of discrimination—at intervals a disappointed devotee will awaken to a sense of the worthlessness of his idol, when he resents his infatuation very much in the same manner as did the deluded African, described by the author of the “Cruise of the Midge.”

“You dam fetish!—you false willin!—I gib you yam, I gib you coconut—I stick fedder in you tail—I trow blood in you face, and what you gib me for all dis? nuttin! I only ask you for one small ting, and you no gib it—you dam bad fetish,” etc., etc.

The Conservative fetish has been considerably abused of late.

#### POLICY—(National).—

From a Conservative point of view, a panacea for the cure of nearly all the ills which the body politic is heir to, including those brought about by misgovernment, extravagance, and over-trading. A natural and perfectly reasonable method of adding to the wealth of the country by artificially raising the prices of everything it produces or consumes. It fosters home manufactures by preventing the influx of certain articles which would probably be supplied more cheaply or of better quality by foreign countries, and thus gives employment to a number of people who would otherwise be compelled to seek a different occupation.

It also enables manufacturers to accumulate large fortunes which cannot fail to be of great benefit to the country, and must of necessity be eminently satisfactory to the community at large.

It is more than probable that this great discovery would never have been made but for the temporary retirement of

the Conservative party from power, which gave them leisure to concentrate their powerful intellects upon the causes and proper method of cure of the then prevailing depression.

Carking Liberals, however, maintain that the genuine motive of the policy is more accurately defined in the following dialogue—after the manner of Mrs. Hemans—between young Canada and her guardian.

**Canada**—I hear them speak of a Policy  
That "National" is said to be ;  
Which will drive away from our suffering shore  
Want and depression for evermore.  
The nature of this policy,  
Sir John, I would now inquire of thee—

**Sir John**— Inquire—inquire, my child !

**Canada**—Will it duties place upon everything  
Which foreign countries to us bring ?  
If this be so, it seems to me  
The cost of living increased will be !  
Shall I pay more for my sugar or tea  
Under the National Policy ?

**Sir John**— I think you will, my child.

**Canada**—To the working man do you mean to give  
Sufficient wages whereon to live,  
Or do you think that his extra pay  
Will on increased prices be frittered away ?  
If this be so, I fail to see  
The benefit of this Policy ?

**Sir John**— And so do I, my child.

**Canada**—If the farmer gets more for his corn and oats—  
Will it cost him more for his hats and coats,  
Will his mowers and reapers dearer be  
Under the National Policy ?  
If this be so, I pray explain  
What by this "policy" he will gain !

**Sir John**— Not much, not much, my child.

**Sir John**—My child, I will now explain to thee,  
The motive of this our Policy,  
The N. P. cry was just the thing  
Our party back into power to bring ;  
This policy, my verdant elf,  
Was to turn out the Grits and get in myself ;  
That's all, that's all, my child.

**POLITICIAN**—(As opposed to Statesman).—A person of small means but great assurance, who, declining or failing to make a living by honest industry, takes up the profession of politics as a quack doctor takes up that of medicine, with a view to making money out of the credulity of his fellow-men.

He panders to their prejudices, excites their passions, and takes advantage of their ignorance for his own interests, and ignoring the high aims which ought to actuate every man who enters into public life, looks only to the fulfilment of his own selfish ends, or the filling of his own pockets.

Fortunately we have none of these people in Canada.

### **POLITICS.**

"The word politic," says Count Smorltork, when annotating an observation of the immortal Mr. Pickwick, "surprises by himself"—"he" does indeed! We cannot imagine anything on the surface of this vast globe more calculated to awaken feelings of "surprise" than the course of politics in this favored region. It may with truth be said that our modern politics are a series of surprises.

One might as well attempt to anticipate the gyrations of a flock of swallows circling in the air on a summer evening, as to calculate on the movements of a politician of the present day.

A sudden swerve from the pole of Protection to the antipodes of Free Trade, or *vice versa*, is performed nowadays with as much facility as the swallow changes his course. There is, however, one great object which influences the movements of both bipeds—to catch flies.

### **SENATE.**

The fifth wheel of the political coach.

**SIDEWALKS.**—Municipal mantraps ingeniously constructed to endanger the lives and limbs of unwary citizens.

As these traps are usually manufactured of wood, they are, by a strange irony of fact, much more dangerous in the neighborhood of the great lumber depots than in the more remote districts.

The capital of the Dominion enjoys a proud pre-eminence in this respect, and the city fathers have, with a sagacity which cannot be too highly commended, added an additional zest to the excitement consequent on an evening walk, by placing the hydrants in the very middle of the sidewalks. They are ably abetted by the gas company, who most considerably omit to light the gas lamps on any night darker than usual.

These circumstances combined add to the morality of the city, by keeping erratic citizens at home, and frequently give employment to many young and deserving surgeons, who might otherwise be inconvenienced by a paucity of patients.

The following (resuscitated) little ballad is suggested as an appropriate ditty for the Chairmen of Road Committees generally.

Break, break, break,  
Your arm, your leg, or your knee,  
So long as you don't an action bring,  
It matters nothing to me.

The nails stick up from the boards,  
The holes are many and deep ;  
You walk at night at risk of your life,  
Yet still our seats we keep.

The mother she tears her skirt,  
The father he breaks his shin ;  
The papers complain of us every day,  
But we only snigger and grin.

Break, break, break,  
Each limb of your body for me ;  
But wait till an Alderman comes to grief,  
And then a change you'll see.

**SPEAKER.—**

A member of Parliament chosen by a majority of the House for the purpose of occupying a comfortable set of apartments in the Parliament Buildings, and drawing a

handsome salary. He is also expected to preside over the debates, and enforce order among the debaters.

"Blessed are they who expect little, for they shall not be disappointed."

**STATESMAN.**—(As opposed to Politician).

Our limited space will not permit us to enlarge upon the numerous eminent examples to be found in our legislative halls—it would require a volume specially for the purpose.

We must refer our readers to Mr. H. J. Morgan's "Lives of Eminent Canadians."

**SYNDICATE.**—A body of Canadian capitalists brought together at great trouble and expense by the rulers of the country, who adopted the rather roundabout method of going to England to find them.

The rise and progress of this very singular transaction is attempted to be described in the following verses, after the manner of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner":

### THE RIME OF THE WILY PREMIERE.

#### IN FOUR PARTS.

##### PART I.

*A wily Premiere,  
accompanied by  
two Mynysteres,  
goeth across the  
ocean.*

It is a wily Premiere,  
And he goeth across the sea,  
And with him go two Mynysteres  
Almost as deep as he.

*The poet here pro-  
bably alludeth to  
"John Bull."*

Three 'cuter gentlemen, I ween,  
Did never the billows brave,  
And "John" must look exceeding sharp  
If he wisheth his purse to save.

*The poet telleth  
how they departed  
from Quebec,*

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,  
Merryly did they go  
Along the deck, adown the stairs,  
To the steward's bar below.

*and how they re-  
freshed themselves.*

And one of the Mynysteres took "rye,"  
And the Premiere he took "fiz;"  
But the other Mynystere did take  
The beer which gingered is.

For this Mynystere was a moral man,  
And held it was not right  
That any public man should get  
The very least bit tight.

*The ship passeth  
through the Straits  
and enters the  
Atlantic Ocean.*

*A storm ariseth,  
and the moral  
Mynystere be-  
cometh sea-sick,*

*and goeth back on  
his temperance  
principles.*

*But the Premiere  
and the other  
Mynystere are not  
affected by the  
weather, and play  
"poker,"*

*and the Mynystere  
"scoopeth" the  
Premiere.*

*They arrive safely  
at their destina-  
tion.*

*The Premiere and  
his Mynysteres in-  
terview a wary old  
capitalist,*

*and the capitalist  
is spell-bound by  
the eye of the Pre-  
miere,*

The white steam blew, the good ship flew,  
The furrow followed free,  
And swiftly through the Straits they went  
Into the Atlantic Sea.

And now the storm blast came, and made  
The billows swell like hills,  
And the moral Mynystere became  
Quite blue about the gills;

And he leaned his head upon his hand,  
And mournfully cried he,  
"Oh! Steward, pray, bring right away  
A glass of the *Eau de vie*."

"For the gingered bee and the lemonade,  
Though on shore they good may be,  
Are not the drink, I soothly think,  
For a sea-sick man like me."

But Sir John and the other Mynystere  
Did laugh at the tempest's flaw,  
And to the smoking-room did go  
For a quiet game of "draw."

A smarter man than the Premiere was  
At "draw" there is seldom seen,  
But in less than an hour that Mynystere  
Did "scoop" him completely clean.

Then the Premiere he sadly shook his head,  
And said, "Oh! John Heneree,  
I would we may scoop John Bull as clean  
As thou hast scooped me."

And John Heneree on his nose did place  
His finger, and closed his eye:  
"We cannot tell how the game may go,  
But I guess we will surely try."

And ever anon the ship sailed on,  
And over the billows sped,  
Until they came to the Mersey shore,  
And anchored off Birkenhead.

#### PART II.

It is an ancient capitalist,  
A wise and wealthy man,  
And in his office in Lombard Street  
Syr John and his Mynysteres do meet  
To "scoop" him if they can.

"I fear thee, wily Premiere,  
I fear thy fishy eye;  
I fear that thou some artful dodge  
Hath come on me to try."



*And is constrained  
to hear his scheme.*

He holds him with his fishy eye,  
He cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that downy man,  
The wily Premiere:

*And the Premiere  
trieth to persuade  
the capitalist that  
he will have "a  
soft thing,"*

"There is a railroad must be built  
To British Columbiar;  
It will pay." "No doubt,"  
Quoth the capitalist,  
"As well as the G. T. R.!"

"If you this task will undertake,  
We will on you bestow  
An area vast of fertile land,  
Whereon will all things grow.

"And some of this land you may quickly sell,  
And the balance you may hold  
Until the prices rise, and fill  
Your pockets with good red gold.

*and that they are  
"young men from  
the country."*

"We are simple men," quoth the Premiere,  
Who come from a far countree."  
"No doubt, no doubt," said the capitalist,  
"But you can't get over me."

*The moral Mynys-  
tere, advocates any  
suspicious of their  
motives,*

Then said the moral Myuynstere:  
"I pray thee, think no ill,  
For we have come across the sea  
Thy pockets for to fill.

*and asserts their  
unselfishness.*

"For thine and for our country's good  
We have braved the billows wild;  
No selfish ends have we to win."  
Quoth the capitalist, "This is too thin;  
I pray thee, draw it mild.

*But the capitalist  
faileth to see it,*

*and maketh un-  
pleasant allusions;*

"Methinketh, oh! my moral friend,  
I have heard of thee before;  
'Twas with a tale of Spring Hill coal,  
Some years ago, that in a hole,  
You put us once before.

*and finally  
"bounceth" the  
Premiere and his  
Mynysteres.*

"Now this advice I give to thee:  
That home you quickly hie,  
And perhaps the N. P. the means may bring,  
Or perchance Sir Hugh and his Yankee ring  
Will step in your lands to buy."

Then from the room of the capitalist  
Forth stepped these schemers three,  
And three more disappointed men  
I wis you did never see.

They went like men who have been stunned,  
And are of sense forlorn;  
Sadder and wiser men, I ween,  
They rose the morrow's morn.

## PART III.

*The Mynysteres  
are greatly depressed  
at their  
failure.*

*But the expression  
in the eye of the  
wily Premiere  
denoteth that he  
hath evolved a  
new scheme,*

There passed a weary time. Their scheme  
Was burst, and blown sky-high—  
A weary time! a weary time!  
No loop-hole could they spy,  
Till looking up, John Heneree  
Did catch the Premiere's eye.

At first it seemed the lid thereof  
Did give a little blink;  
It moved, and moved, and then became  
A most decided wink,

Denoting that just then was hatched,  
Within that fertile brain,  
Some artful dodge whereby at least  
Success they might attain.

*which he proceed-  
eth to explain to  
his colleagues.*

Then spake the wily Premiere:  
"My friends, it seems to me  
That on *this* side of the herring pond  
The game is all U P.

"Now, this at least is very clear,  
And needs no speech to show  
That back with our tails between our legs  
It will not do to go."

"You are right," said the moral Mynystere,  
Quoth John Heneree, "That is so."

"And as our friends in London town  
Our offers do deride,  
Our only hope is to close at once  
With those on the other side.

*He admitteth that  
the terms are some-  
what onerous, but  
urgeth the necessity  
of remaining in  
office.*

"'Tis very true that through the nose  
The country will have to pay;  
But we *must* keep in at any price,  
And about the terms cannot be nice,  
So I'll cable Donald A."

*One of the Mynys-  
teres is started;*

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" quoth John Heneree,  
"But the terms are mighty tough;  
For what with the cash and the land, I ween  
A contract like this was never seen,  
And the country will cut up rough."

*but the other  
seeth a chance of  
pickings,*

*and the Premiere  
adviseeth its being  
kept dark.*

But the moral Mynystere did wink,  
And laughed full loud and high—  
"The contract is rich as a man can crave,  
And dearly would I like to have  
A finger in the pie."

Then the Premiere looked on the Mynystere,  
And earnestly did say,  
"A finger therein you will have, no doubt,  
But take good care you are not found out,  
Or there'll be the deuce to pay."

Then the Premiere back to his native land  
Departed, blythe and gay,  
And the public by cable assured were  
That all was quite O. K.

## PART IV.

Oh, cheek! thou art a wondrous thing!  
No richer gift can be  
(Of all the rich gifts under Heaven)  
Unto a politician given,  
In this our fair countree.

Of this most precious gift, I ween  
The Premiere had full store;  
And ne'er before in all his life,  
Through all the stress of party strife,  
Had he required it more.

*The Premiere on  
his arrival is met  
by a deputation of  
admiring constitu-  
ents, who want to  
know all about it.*

For when on land he set his foot,  
His friends all gathered round:  
"Oh! welcome, good Sir John," they cried,  
"Now tell us straight what did betide—  
What fortune hast thou found?"

*And the Premiere  
gammoneth them  
considerably,*

And then Sir John did sweetly smile:  
"My worthy friends," quoth he,  
"To give you full particulars  
Would most improper be;

"Because the terms must first be told  
Unto the Parliament.  
But this at least I may tell to thee:  
The railway will constructed be,  
And won't cost us a cent.

*and droppeth into  
poetry.*

"And I from out the upper sphere  
Shall happily look down,  
And proudly view the iron horse  
Careering all around.

"And twang upon my golden harp,  
And joyfully shall sing,  
To think that I such benefits  
Did to my country bring."

The people cheered, and shook his hand,  
And loudly cried "Hooray;"  
And the Premiere winked his artful eye,  
And gladly went his way.

*The wily Premiere  
falleth asleep, and  
in a dream he  
heareth two voices—*

But when within his ear ensconced,  
He fell into a dream,  
And all about him in the air  
Two voices there did seem.

*one of the "Globe"  
and the other of  
the "Mail,"*

Quoth one: "This man hath ruin brought—  
His work we all shall rue."  
The Premiere shivered in his sleep—  
The voice of the *Globe* he knew.

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey dew—  
Quoth he: "The man hath done full well,  
And better still will do."

*1st Voice.*

*who discuss the  
question after the  
usual manner of  
party organs.*

"But sure you know this Syndicate  
Will rule the whole North-West;  
No man can prosper on his land,  
No grain can reach the ocean strand,  
Unless at their behest."

*2nd Voice.*

"What better bargain could be made?  
The railway *must* be built—  
You have yourself admitted this—  
And if this chance we now should miss,  
On you will be the guilt."

*1st Voice.*

*The first voice  
questioneth the  
Premiere's  
rarity;*

"But only now you heard him say  
It would not cost a cent,  
And sure you know as well as I  
That statement was an awful ———  
Fiction, was what I meant."

*2nd Voice.*

*but the other  
retorteth with the  
usual *tu quoque*.*

"That was a pious fraud, and you  
Exception should not take  
To any trifling slip of tongue  
(The same thing *you* have often done)  
Which public men may make."

*1st Voice.*

*The one thinks  
that the party  
won't stand it;*

"One comfort yet remains to us,  
When other hopes are flown:  
The contract will be rejected be,  
When all the terms are known."

*2nd Voice.*

*but the other  
knoweth better.*

"I pray thee, brother, do not lay  
That unction to thy soul;  
We have our party well in hand,  
They'll give the cash, and eke the land,  
*And gulp the contract whole."*

**WHIP.**

An adjunct of great importance to the machinery of party government, the necessity for whose existence can only be explained on the assumption that a large proportion of members of Parliament are not to be trusted to attend to their duties, but require to be "whipped in" like a pack of ill trained fox-hounds.

The qualifications necessary for a competent "Whip" are numerous. He must be active and adroit, shrewd, sharp, and not too scrupulous; he must have the cheek of Macaire and the effrontery of Jeremy Diddler; he should have a perfect acquaintance with the habits and idiosyncrasies of every member of his party, a knowledge which will not unfrequently lead him into very shady places and very queer society; above all, he must possess the power of assimilating large quantities of strong drink without being thereby incapacitated for work.

As these multifarious and exhausting duties are calculated rapidly to undermine even the strongest constitution, a party whip cannot expect to remain in good working order more than a few years; but if he is careful to make a proper use of the knowledge and influence he will naturally have acquired during his tenure of office, he may confidently expect, so soon as his usefulness has ceased, to be rewarded with a snug post for which he is more or less unfitted.

## WORDS.

The *pabulum* or "*Flapdoodle*" usually proffered by politicians for the sustenance of their constituents, who, though they devour it with great avidity, cannot be said to derive much benefit from their diet.

A famous poet has said :

" Words are like *leaves*, and where they most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

The legislative halls of Canada are, like her forests, full of foliage.



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